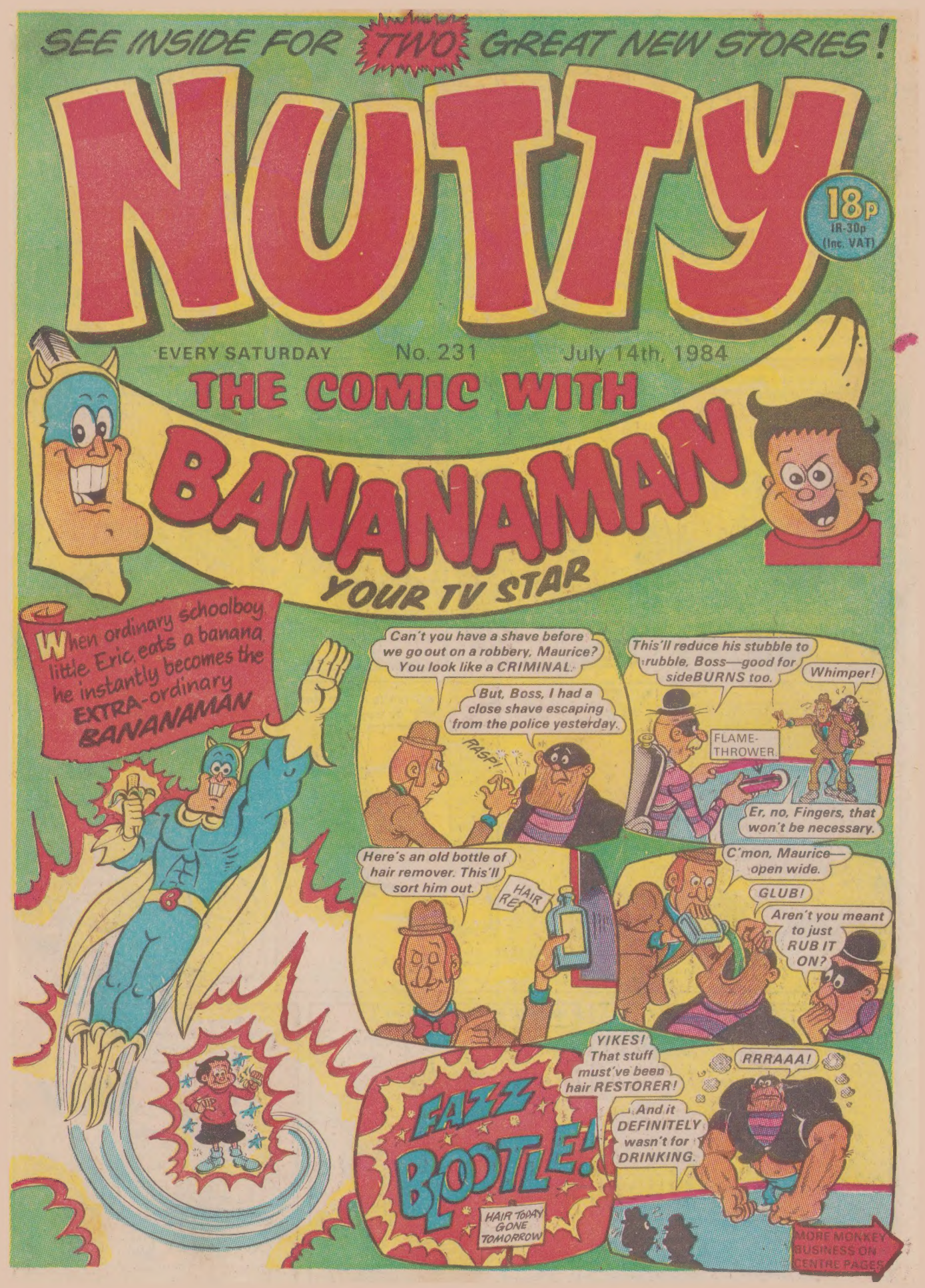
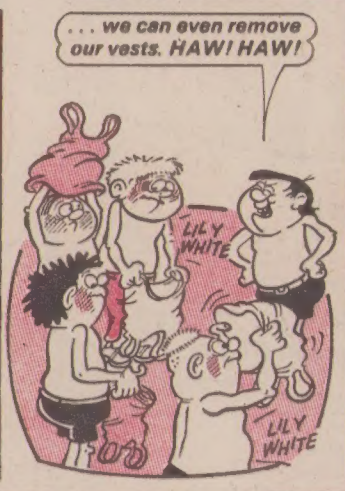
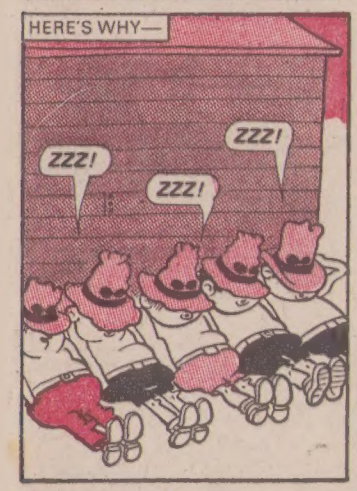
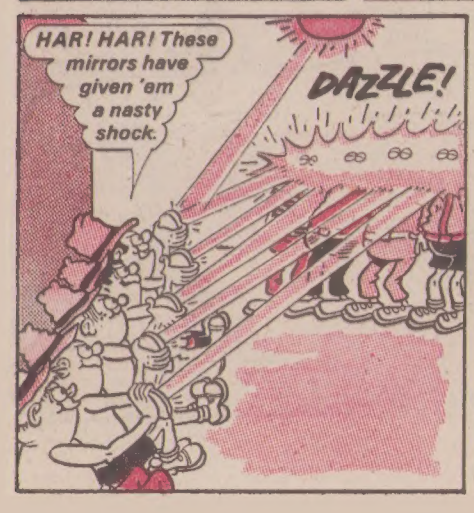

SEE INSIDE FOR TWO GREAT NEW STORIES!
NUTTY
18p
IR-30p
(Inc. VAT)
EVERY SATURDAY No. 231 July 14th, 1984
THE COMIC WITH
BANANAMAN
YOUR TV STAR
When ordinary schoolboy little Eric eats a banana he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN
Can't you have a shave before we go out on a robbery, Maurice? You look like a CRIMINAL.
But, Boss, I had a close shave escaping from the police yesterday.
RASP!
This'll reduce his stubble to rubble, Boss—good for sideBURNS too.
Whimper!
FLAME-THROWER.
Er, no, Fingers, that won't be necessary.
Here's an old bottle of hair remover. This'll sort him out.
HAIR RE
C'mon, Maurice—open wide.
GLUB!
Aren't you meant to just RUB IT ON?
YIKES! That stuff must've been hair RESTORER!
And it DEFINITELY wasn't for DRINKING.
RRRAAA!
FAZZ BOOTLE!
HAIR TODAY GONE TOMORROW
MORE MONKEY BUSINESS ON CENTRE PAGES

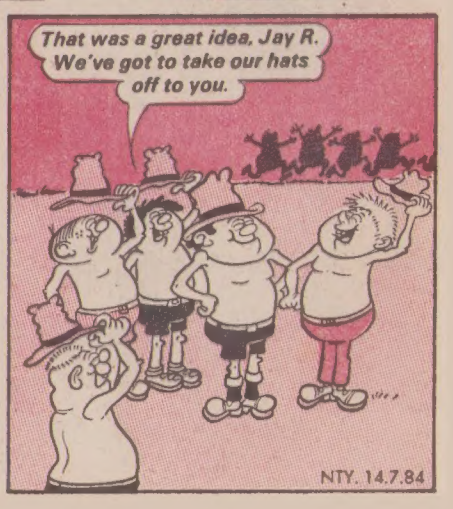
JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

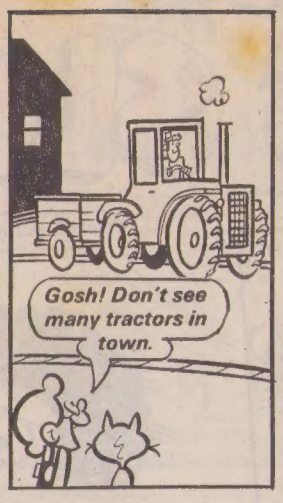








PETER Pest


Gosh! Don't see many tractors in town.

It's stopped at our house.

This is Arnold, my new boyfriend, Peter. He's a farmer.
Oo-arr!

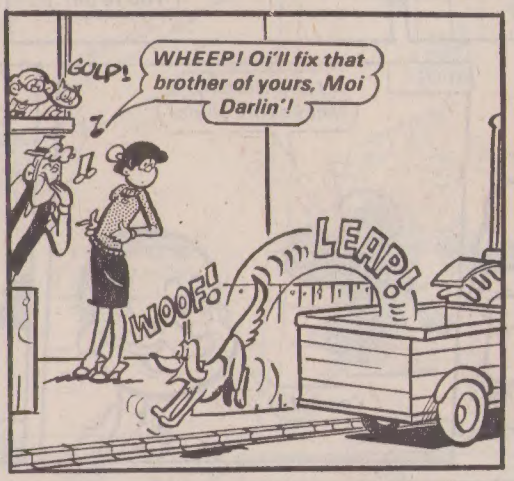
Could you help me identify a vegetable?
Arr! Oi be an expert on veg.
TUG!

OUCH! They be peas! SNORT!
PING!
You pest, Peter.

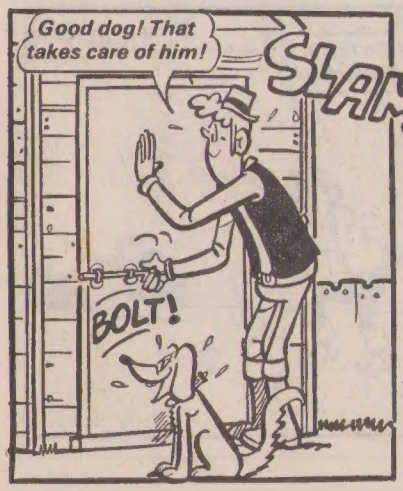
Never mind! Doris will kiss your little nose better.

Second helping of veg coming up.

Snigger!
Yeuch!
GASP!


GULP!
WHEEP! Oi'll fix that brother of yours, Moi Darlin'!
WOOF!
LEAP!

HAALP! Call it off!
Round 'em up, Roarver!

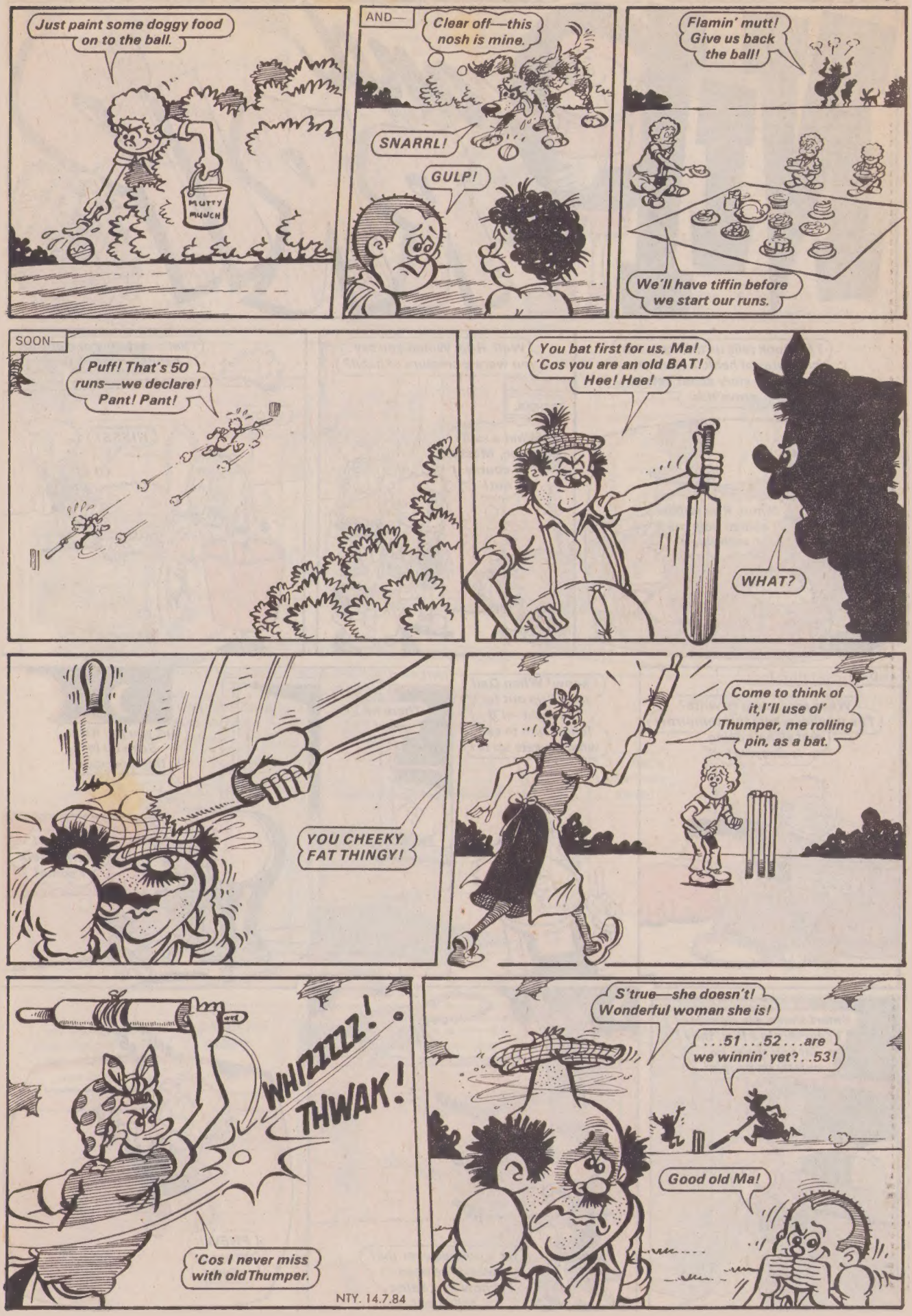

Good dog! That takes care of him!
SLAM!
BOLT!

BAH!
'Bye, Peter! Arnold and I are going for a dishy drive.

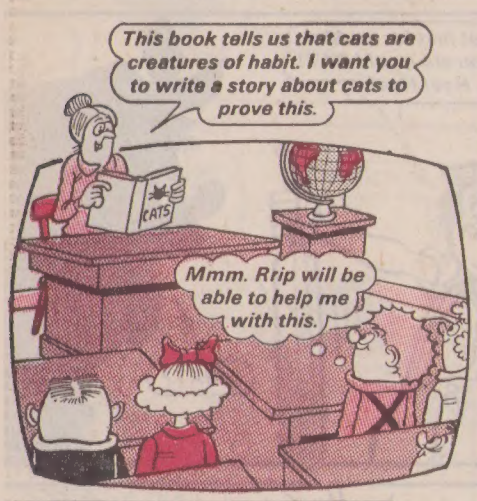
BUT—
Groan! The disgrace! Maybe Peter had the right idea with this bumpkin!
Raindrops keep fallin' on me sprouts.
LICK!
NTY. 14.7.84

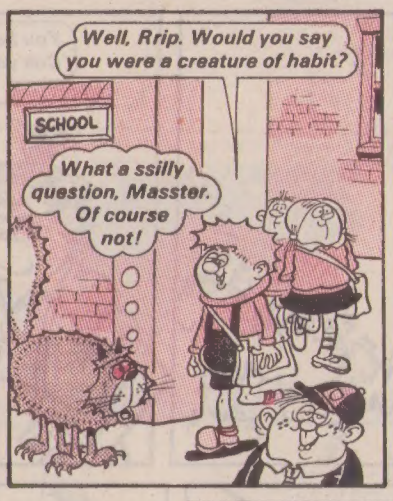
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

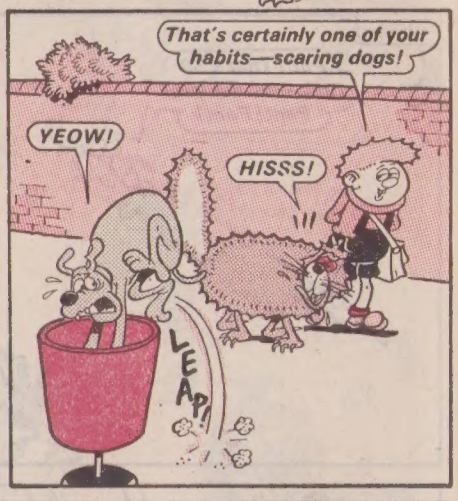
Check this, Hilda—the little fops are swotting bluebottles.
Cricket, actually!
Us Snobbs are supreme cricketers.
PHOOT! Prove it!
SO, SOON, ON NUTTYTOWN GREEN.
Let battle commence!
You're on!
This is soopah! I'm a soopah batsman and it's a soopah day.
And I've used SOOPAH GLUE to stick the bails on!
THEN—
I say, Stanley, fancy some chips?
You bet!
Smashin'!
HOI! CATCH, STAN!
Oo-eck! Me hands are greasy from the chips.
Whah! Whah! Great idea that!
THEN—
Gosh! I am good!
Go fetch, Scratcher!
NTY. 14.7.84

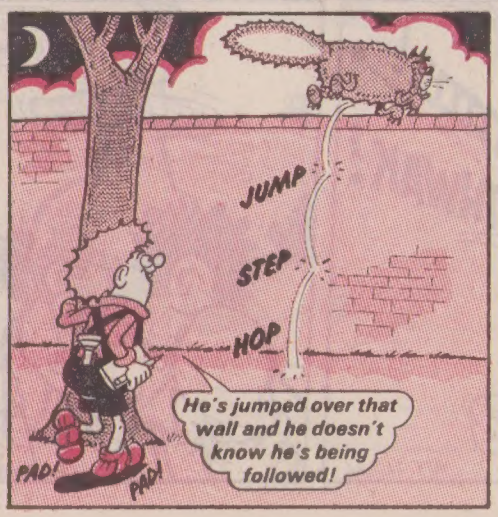

Just paint some doggy food on to the ball.
MUTTY MUNCH
AND—
Clear off—this nosh is mine.
SNARRL!
GULP!
Flamin' mutt! Give us back the ball!
We'll have tiffin before we start our runs.
SOON—
Puff! That's 50 runs—we declare! Pant! Pant!
You bat first for us, Ma! 'Cos you are an old BAT! Hee! Hee!
WHAT?
YOU CHEEKY FAT THINGY!
Come to think of it, I'll use ol' Thumper, me rolling pin, as a bat.
WHIZZZZ!
THWAK!
'Cos I never miss with old Thumper.
NTY. 14.7.84
S'true—she doesn't! Wonderful woman she is!
...51...52...are we winnin' yet?..53!
Good old Ma!

MR and RRIP


This book tells us that cats are creatures of habit. I want you to write a story about cats to prove this.
CATS
Mmm. Rrip will be able to help me with this.

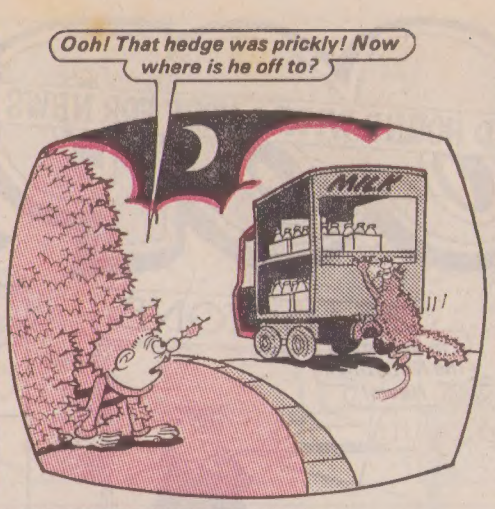




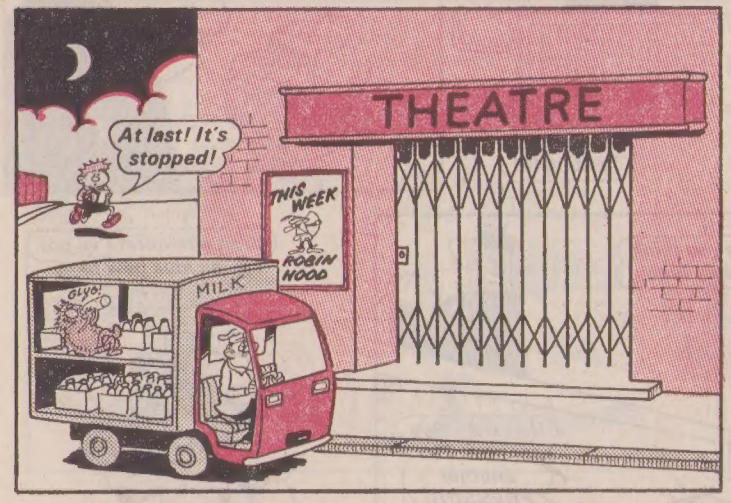


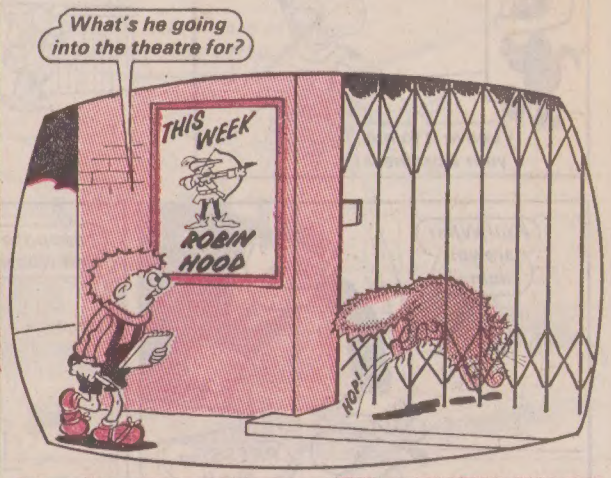
NTY. 14.7.84

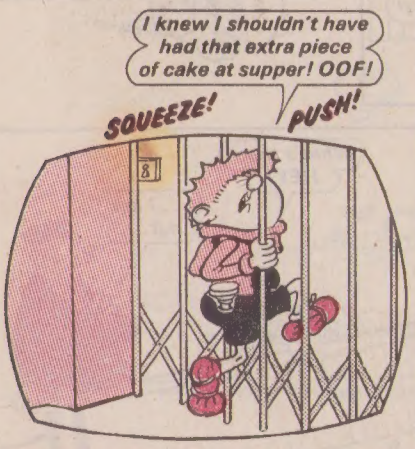
I'll write this down. " Now Rrip went into a hedge!"

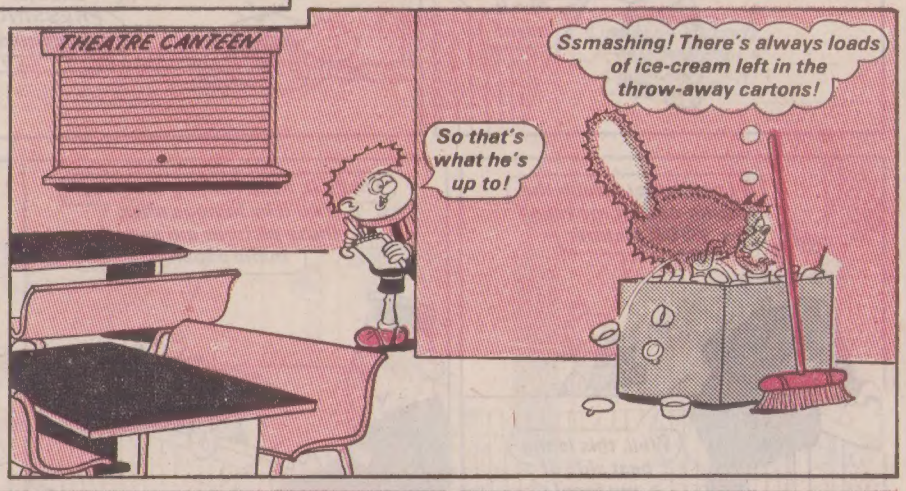

Ooh! That hedge was prickly! Now where is he off to?
MILK

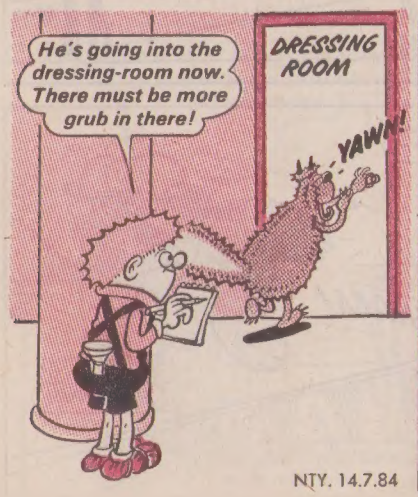
I don't know—GASP—whether this was such a—GASP—good idea after all!
PAD! PAD! PAD!
READERS VOICE
At least the shoes are working, Nip!


THEATRE
At last! It's stopped!
THIS WEEK
ROBIN HOOD
MILK
GLYO!

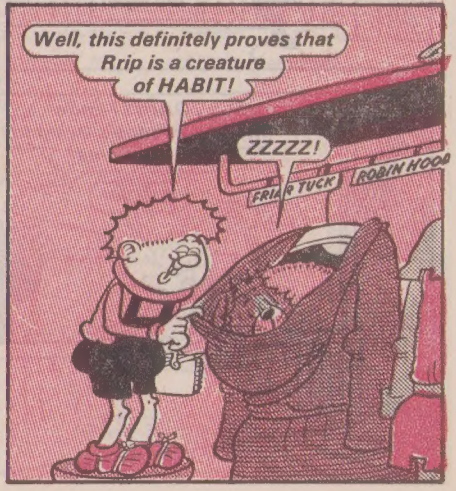

What's he going into the theatre for?
THIS WEEK
ROBIN HOOD
HOW!


I knew I shouldn't have had that extra piece of cake at supper! OOF!
SQUEEZE!
PUSH!


THEATRE CANTEEN
So that's what he's up to!
Ssmashing! There's always loads of ice-cream left in the throw-away cartons!


He's going into the dressing-room now. There must be more grub in there!
DRESSING ROOM
YAWN!

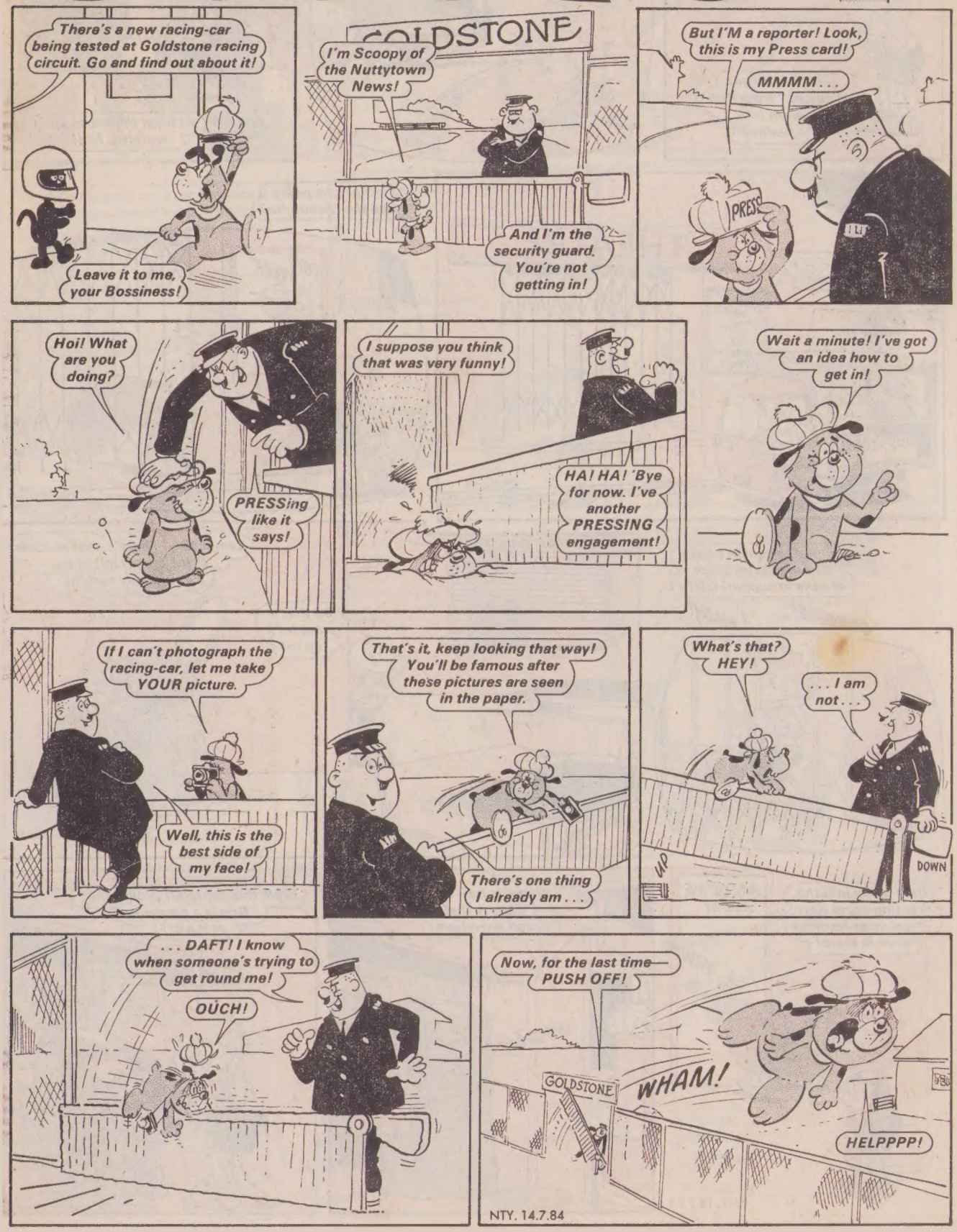
Where is he—ah! I'd know that sound anywhere!
FRIAR TUCK
ROBIN HOOD
SNORE!


Well, this definitely proves that Rrip is a creature of HABIT!
ZZZZZ!
FRIAR TUCK
ROBIN HOOD

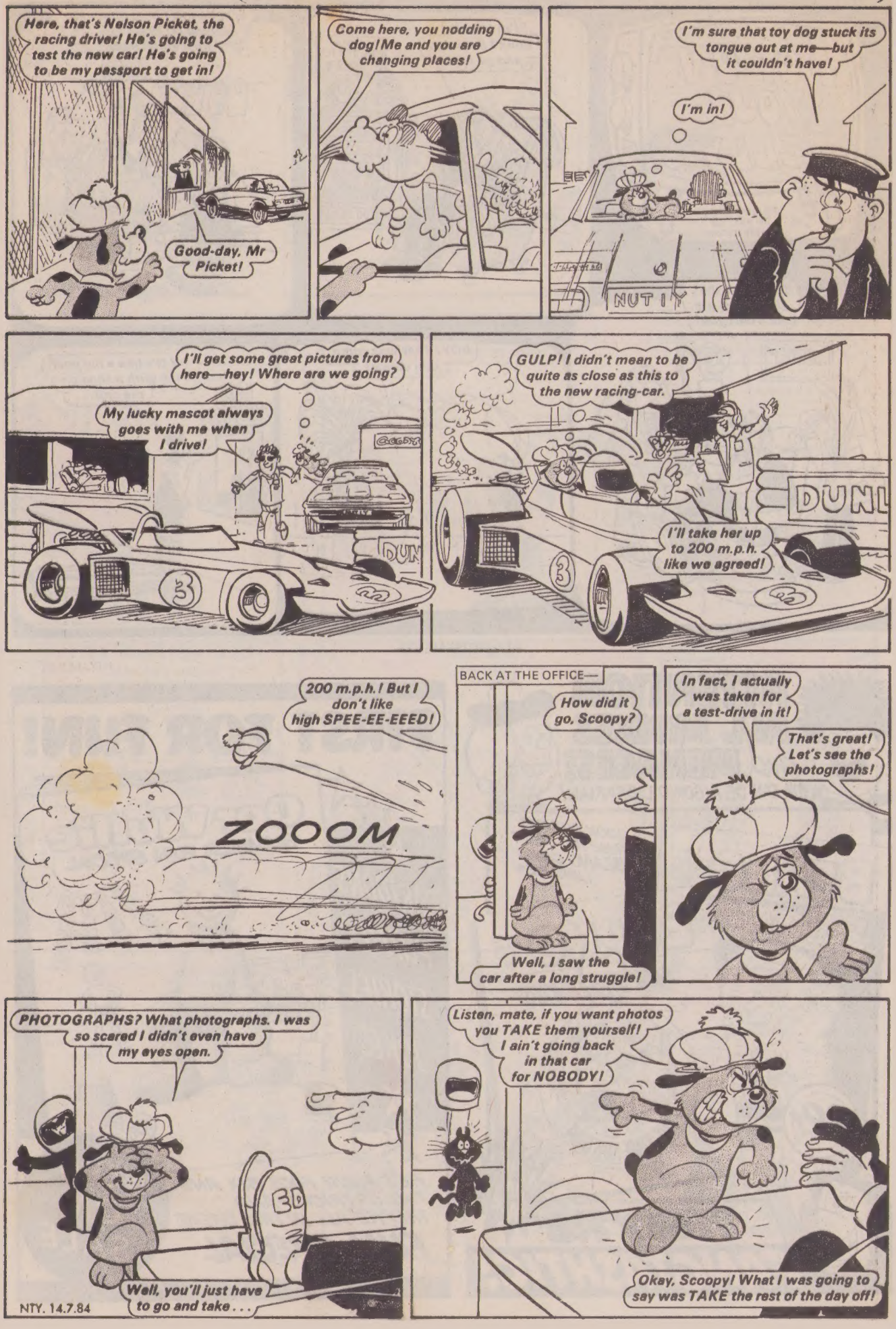
NTY. 14.7.84

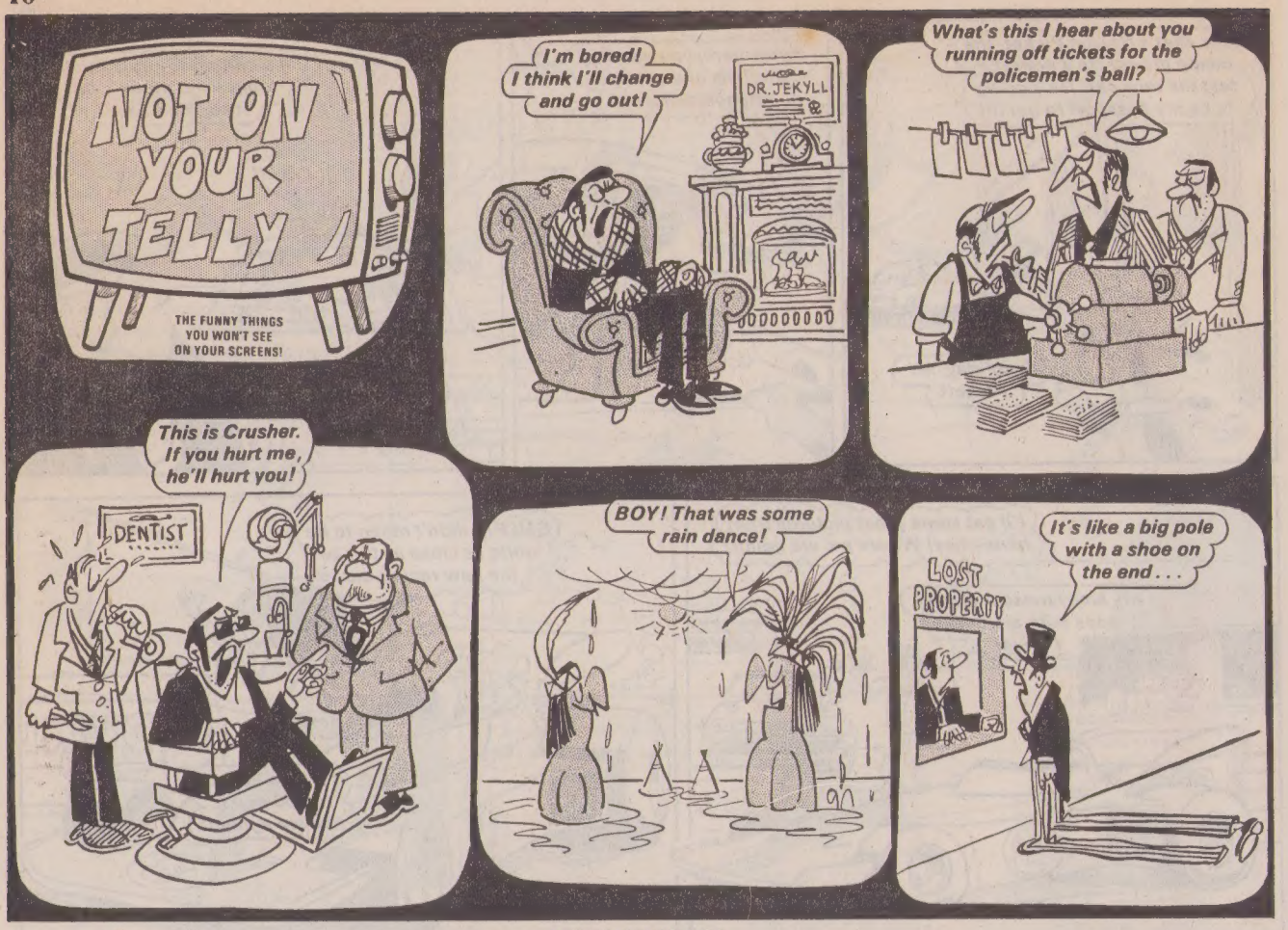
SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS


There's a new racing-car being tested at Goldstone racing circuit. Go and find out about it!
Leave it to me, your Bossiness!
GOLDSTONE
I'm Scoopy of the Nuttytown News!
And I'm the security guard. You're not getting in!
But I'M a reporter! Look, this is my Press card!
MMMM . . .
PRESS
Hoi! What are you doing?
PRESSing like it says!
I suppose you think that was very funny!
HA! HA! 'Bye for now. I've another PRESSING engagement!
Wait a minute! I've got an idea how to get in!
If I can't photograph the racing-car, let me take YOUR picture.
Well, this is the best side of my face!
That's it, keep looking that way! You'll be famous after these pictures are seen in the paper.
There's one thing I already am . . .
What's that? HEY!
. . . I am not . . .
UP
DOWN
. . . DAFT! I know when someone's trying to get round me!
OUCH!
Now, for the last time— PUSH OFF!
GOLDSTONE
WHAM!
HELPPPP!

NTY. 14.7.84


Here, that's Nelson Picket, the racing driver! He's going to test the new car! He's going to be my passport to get in!
Good-day, Mr Picket!
Come here, you nodding dog! Me and you are changing places!
I'm sure that toy dog stuck its tongue out at me—but it couldn't have!
I'm in!
NUTTY
I'll get some great pictures from here—hey! Where are we going?
My lucky mascot always goes with me when I drive!
GULP! I didn't mean to be quite as close as this to the new racing-car.
I'll take her up to 200 m.p.h. like we agreed!
200 m.p.h.! But I don't like high SPEE-EE-EEED!
ZOOOM
BACK AT THE OFFICE—
How did it go, Scoopy?
Well, I saw the car after a long struggle!
In fact, I actually was taken for a test-drive in it!
That's great! Let's see the photographs!
PHOTOGRAPHS? What photographs. I was so scared I didn't even have my eyes open.
Well, you'll just have to go and take . . .
NTY. 14.7.84
Listen, mate, if you want photos you TAKE them yourself! I ain't going back in that car for NOBODY!
Okay, Scoopy! What I was going to say was TAKE the rest of the day off!


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
I'm bored! I think I'll change and go out!
DR. JEKYLL
What's this I hear about you running off tickets for the policemen's ball?
This is Crusher. If you hurt me, he'll hurt you!
DENTIST
BOY! That was some rain dance!
It's like a big pole with a shoe on the end . . .
LOST PROPERTY

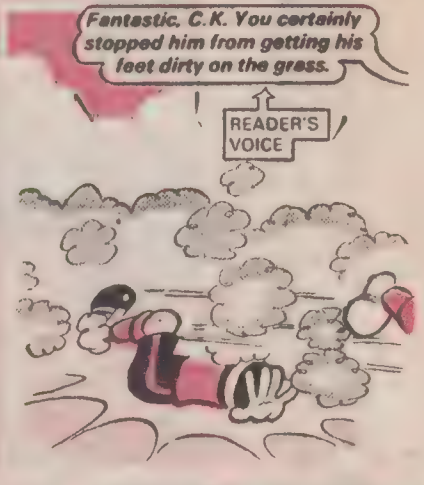
ADVERTISEMENTS

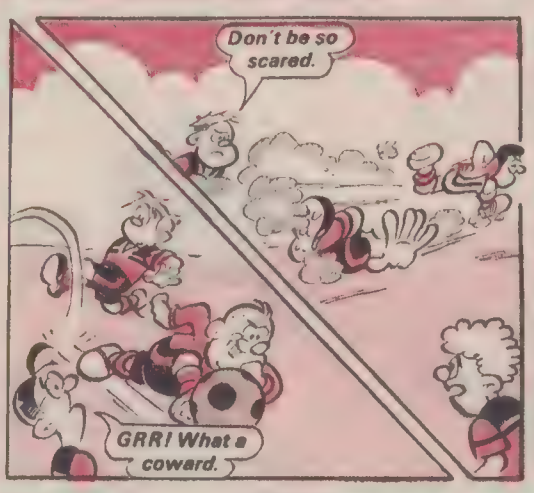
NTY. 14.7.84

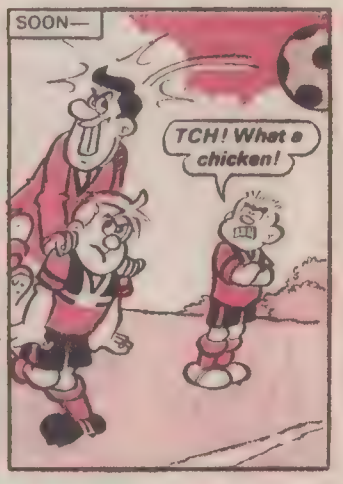
ATTENTION ALL MINXES and MENACES!!
YOU CAN BE A COMIC LIBRARIAN!
LOOK OUT FOR THESE TWO GREAT BEANO COMIC LIBRARIES
BEANO COMIC LIBRARY No. 56 20p.
SMUDGE WHITER THAN WH
BEANO COMIC LIBRARY No. 55 20p.
THE BASH STREET KIDS
THE TIME MACHINE
20p EACH
NOW ON SALE!
THEY'RE FANGTASHTIC!

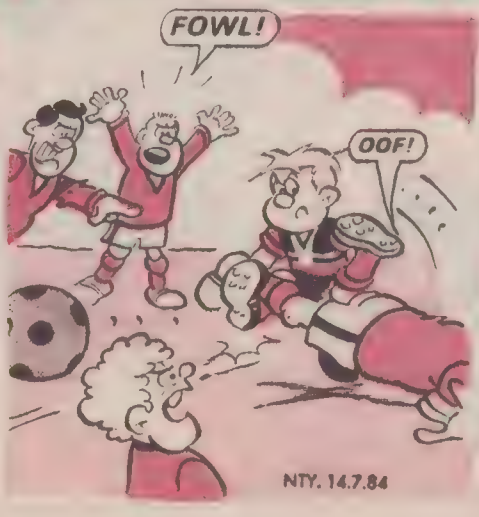
FIRST FOR FUN!
CARTOONS
PUZZLES
STORIES
JOKES
Oor Wullie
SUMMER FUN SPECIAL
CARTOONS JOKES PUZZLES
43p
HE'S FOUR FOOT SIX AND FULL OF TRICKS-AND THEY'RE ALL IN THIS GREAT FUN SPECIAL
NOW ON SALE

Cannonball Kid









NTY. 14.7.84

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER —

BLAM!

RRRAA! OO-OO-OO!

SCRIFF!

Maurice, come back! At least comb your face before you go out.

MEANWHILE —

Hi, Readers—I was having a nap. Bet you thought I wasn't going to appear this week.

I'll have a quick 'nana and do some daring deeds—just for you.

I'm so tough I won't even bother peeling it . . . CHOMP!

CHUNG!

OWOOO!

PHTOOM! A hairy banana—not my cup of cocoa at all.

I'll try one of the hairless variety.

SCHA BLOOT!

I say, you're a big lad to be sucking your finger.

DUH!

ROAR!

WOBBLIN' WOMBATS! A crazed chimp. Still, its knuckles will slow it down.

SCRIFF! SCRIFF!

MOMENTS LATER

Excuse me, Sonny.

HELP!

Bring back my skates, you great gallopin' gibbon.

WHIRR!

WHIRR!

These'll stop my knuckles draggin'.

Well, my muscular thighs will have left that ape miles behind. Mind you, it was probably harmless.

Hello? A tap on my shoulder? Must be my local plumber or a visiting tap dancer.

TAP! TAP!

OOYAH! OOYAH! OOYAH! No, it's not a tap dancer but it could be the Nutty 'EAD 'ITTER!

WHUNK! WHUNK! WHUNK!

SCREECH!

Ahem! No, I wouldn't say it was TOTALLY harmless.

Now come on, stop muckin' about. No, you wouldn't . . . AAIEE! You would! OW! BY DOSE!

NTY. 14.7.84

The Heavy Mob! Go on—give THEM a sample of your MONKEY TRICKS!

WOW! It's our enemy, Bananaman!

OO-OO-OO!

Well done, Maurice—you've captured Bananaman single-handed—have a coconut.

M-MAURICE! He must've turned into MONKEYMAN!

NTY. 14.7.84

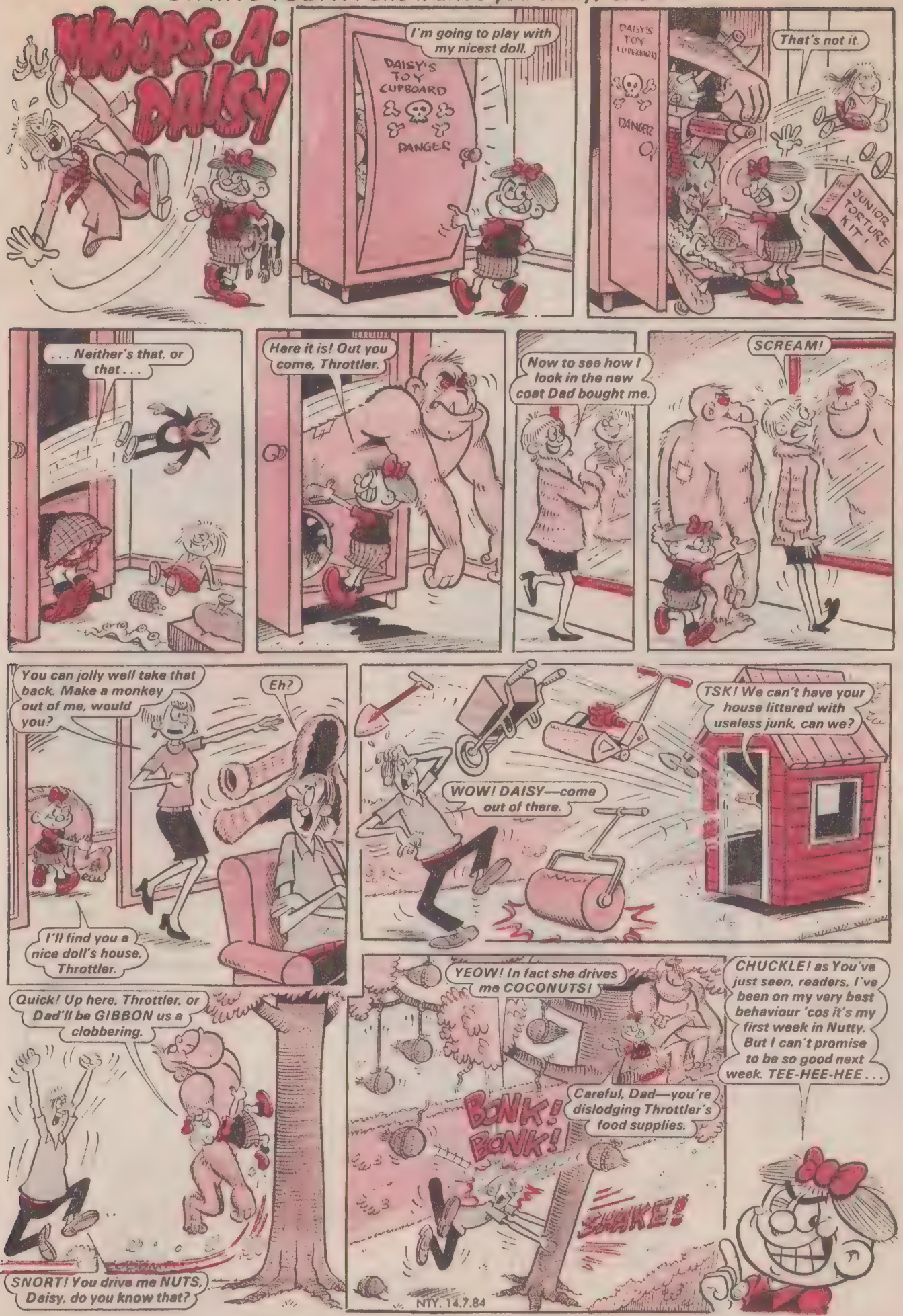
YEOW! This case could be a hard nut to crack, Readers.

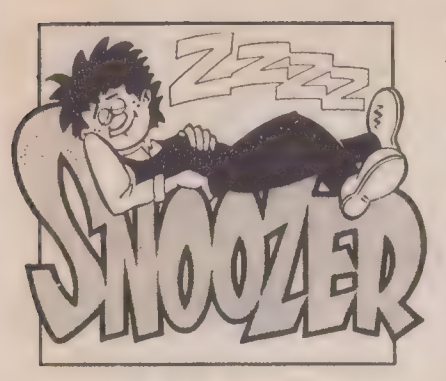
Not half as hard as YOUR nut.

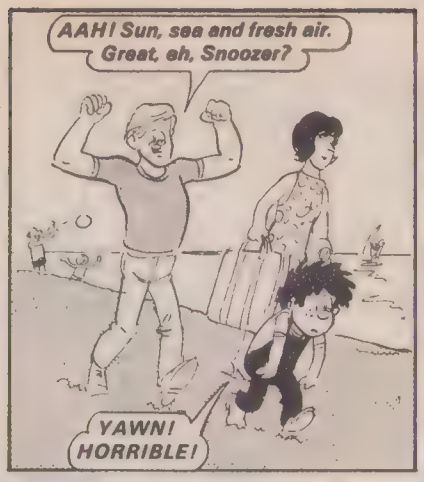
CRACK!

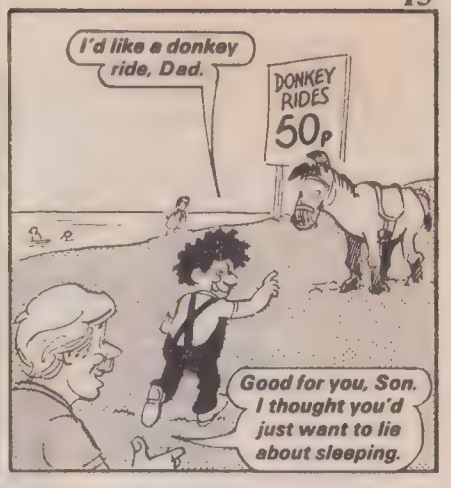
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

STARTS TODAY! She'll drive you crazy, she's . . .


WHOOPS-A-DAISY
I'm going to play with my nicest doll.
DAISY'S TOY CUPBOARD
DANGER
That's not it.
JUNIOR TORTURE KIT!
. . . Neither's that, or that . . .
Here it is! Out you come, Throttler.
Now to see how I look in the new coat Dad bought me.
SCREAM!
You can jolly well take that back. Make a monkey out of me, would you?
Eh?
I'll find you a nice doll's house, Throttler.
TSK! We can't have your house littered with useless junk, can we?
WOW! DAISY—come out of there.
Quick! Up here, Throttler, or Dad'll be GIBBON us a clobbering.
SNORT! You drive me NUTS, Daisy, do you know that?
YEOW! In fact she drives me COCONUTS!
BONK! BONK!
Careful, Dad—you're dislodging Throttler's food supplies.
SHAKE!
CHUCKLE! as You've just seen, readers, I've been on my very best behaviour 'cos it's my first week in Nutty. But I can't promise to be so good next week. TEE-HEE-HEE . . .
NTY. 14.7.84

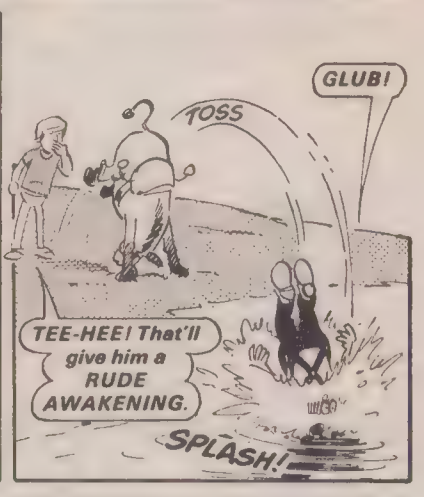

ZZZZ
SNOOZER


AAH! Sun, sea and fresh air. Great, eh, Snoozer?
YAWN! HORRIBLE!


I'd like a donkey ride, Dad.
DONKEY RIDES 50p
Good for you, Son. I thought you'd just want to lie about sleeping.

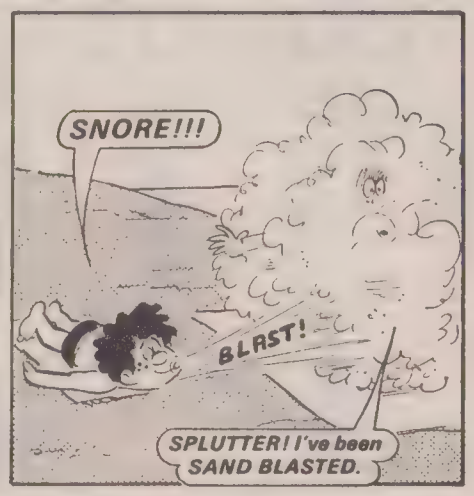
OH, NO! Snoozer—I wish you'd buck your ideas up.
SNORE!

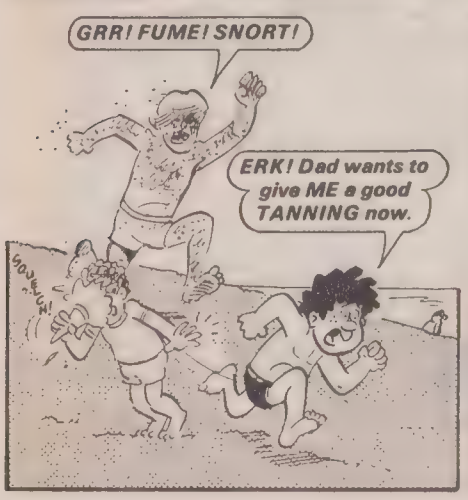
WOW! The donkey's certainly BUCKING its ideas up.
SNORE!
BUCK
HEE-HAW! HEE-HAW!


GLUB!
TOSS
TEE-HEE! That'll give him a RUDE AWAKENING.
SPLASH!

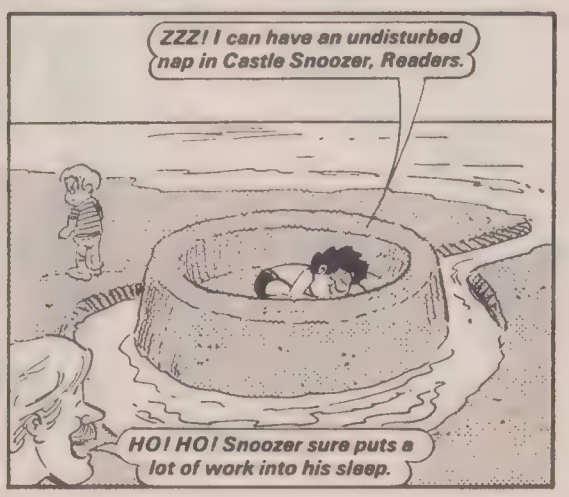
SHORTLY—
Now lie down and behave, Snoozer.
I'd love to.
For once, I'LL have a snooze.

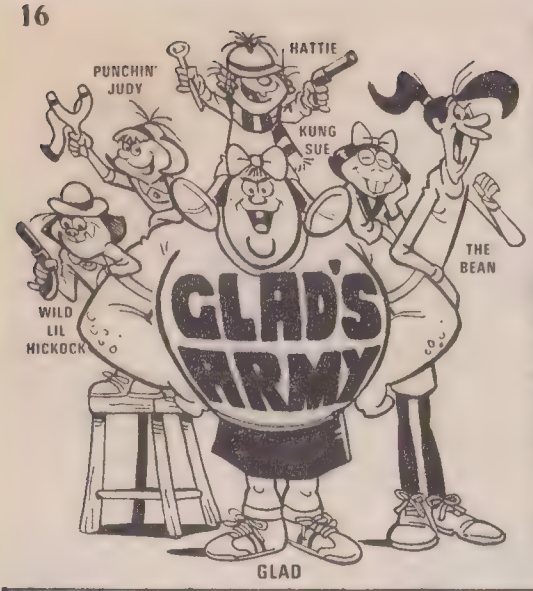
But first I'll slap on the suntan oil.
DZZT!

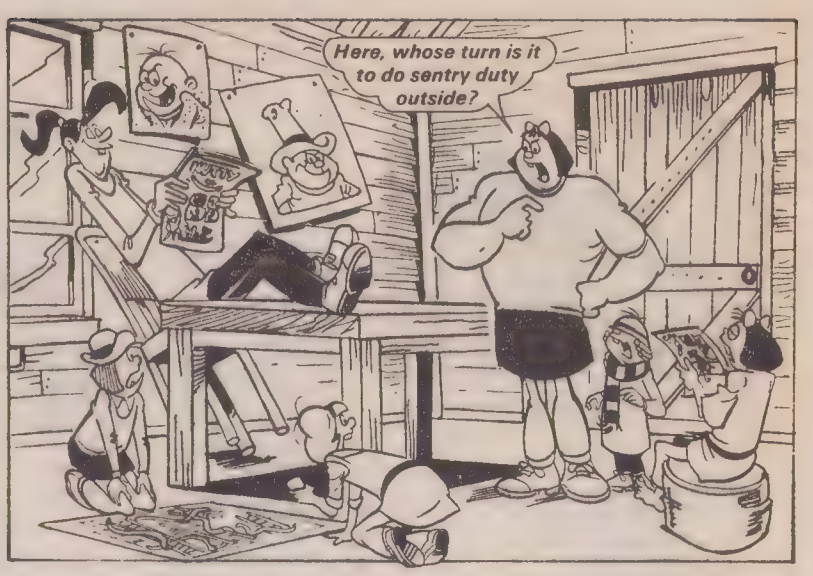

SNORE!!!
BLAST!
SPLUTTER! I've been SAND BLASTED.

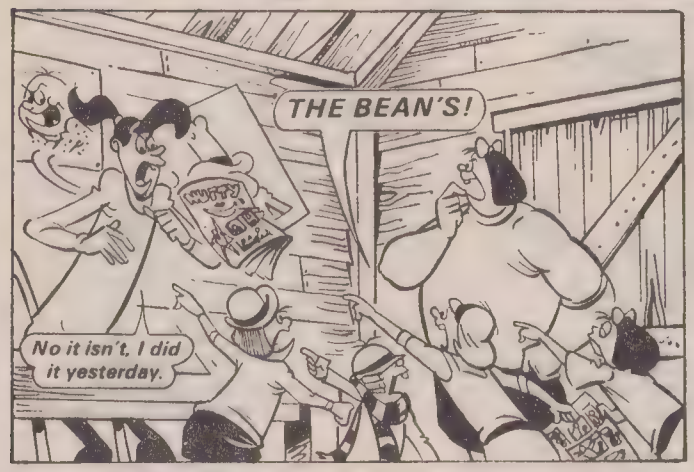

GRR! FUME! SNORT!
ERK! Dad wants to give ME a good TANNING now.

SOON—
PHEW! This is hard work, Readers, but it'll be worth it.
NTY. 14.7.84


ZZZ! I can have an undisturbed nap in Castle Snoozer, Readers.
HO! HO! Snoozer sure puts a lot of work into his sleep.


PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD


Here, whose turn is it to do sentry duty outside?


THE BEAN'S!
No it isn't, I did it yesterday.

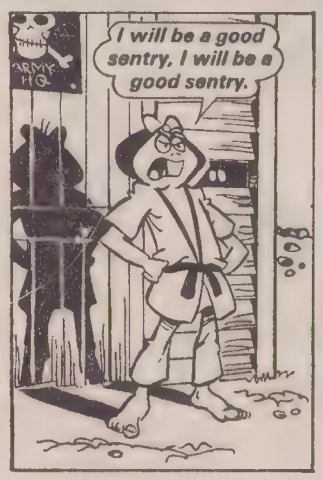
Go on, we can't have the place without a sentry.
B-But!

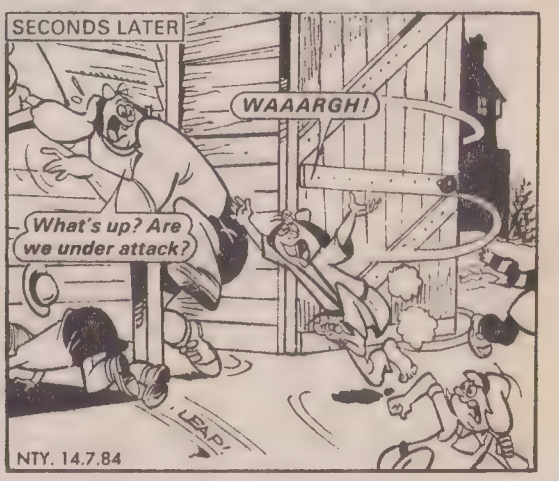
SOON—
Ah, there you are.

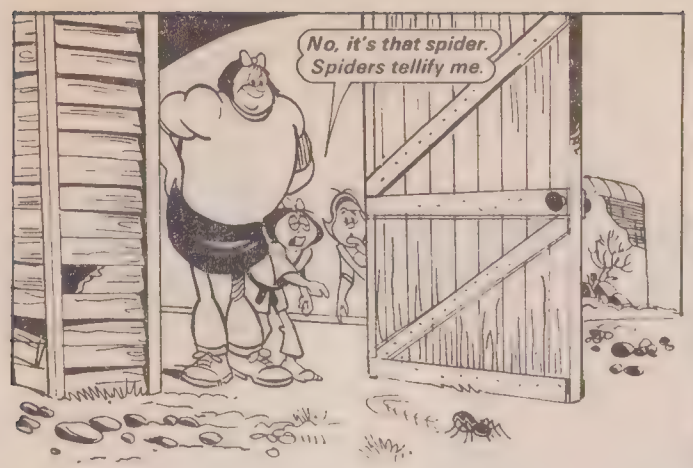
You're coming home—it's your turn to clean out the gerbil's cage.
I knew it was a mistake to go outside.

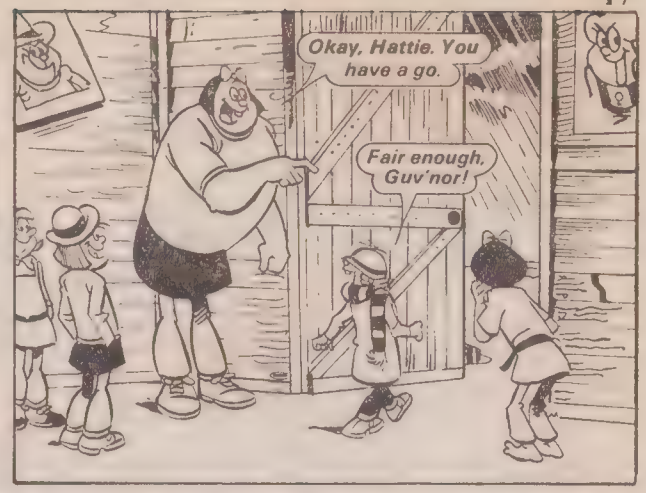
Okay, we need a new sentry. Let's draw straws.

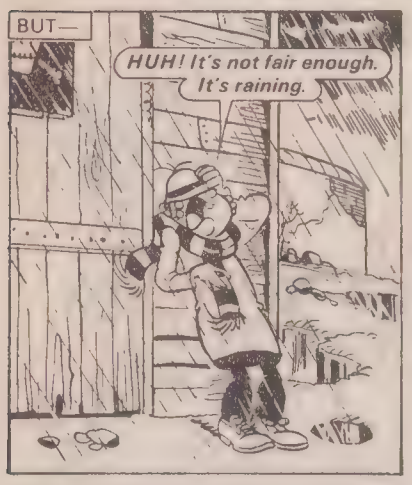
It's you, Kung Sue Out you go.


I will be a good sentry, I will be a good sentry.


SECONDS LATER
WAAARGH!
What's up? Are we under attack?
LEAP!
NTY. 14.7.84


No, it's that spider. Spiders tellify me.

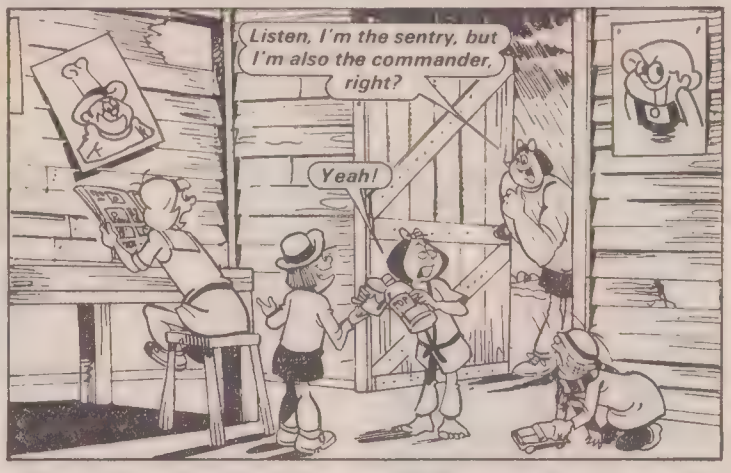

Okay, Hattie. You have a go.
Fair enough, Guv'nor!

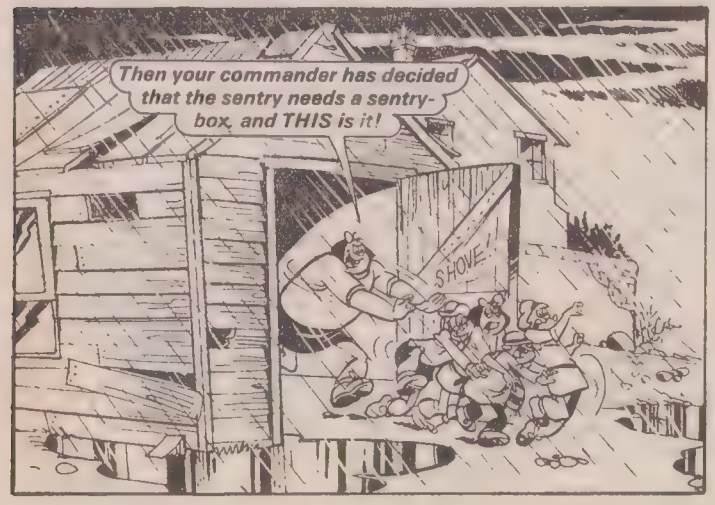

BUT—
HUH! It's not fair enough. It's raining.

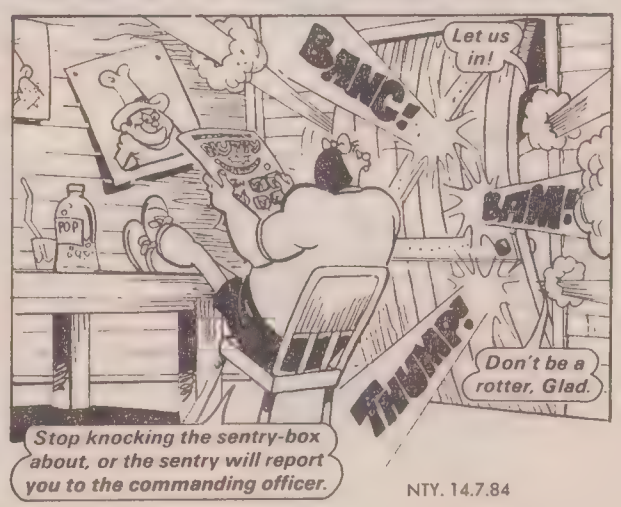
SO—
I don't mind fighting or defending you all, but I'm NOT getting wet!

Maybe you should do sentry duty, Glad.
Eh? Er, well— okay!

TCH! I must be daft!


Listen, I'm the sentry, but I'm also the commander, right?
Yeah!

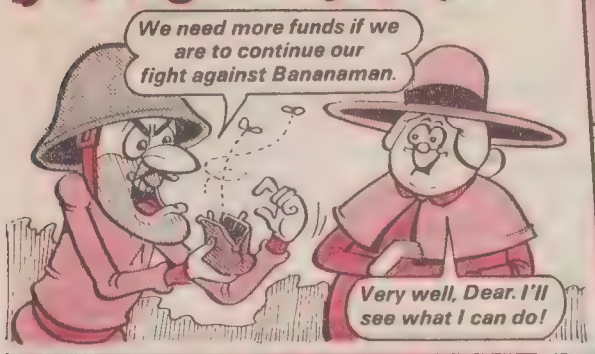

Then your commander has decided that the sentry needs a sentry-box, and THIS is it!
SHOVE

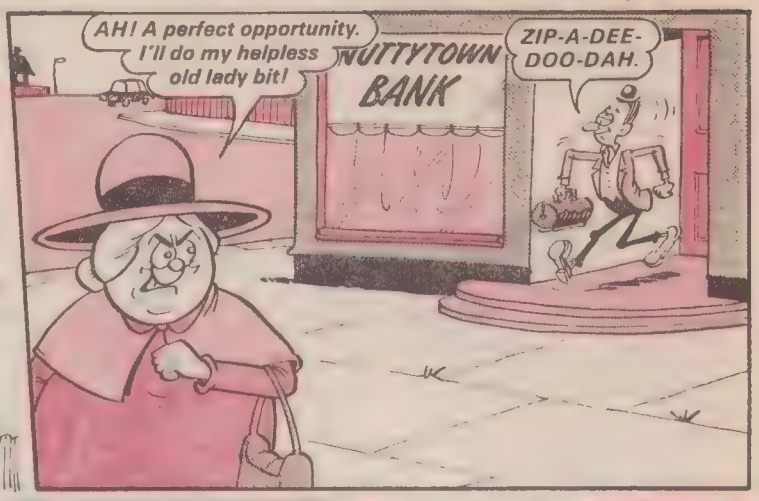

BANG!
Let us in!
BAM!
THUMP!
Don't be a rotter, Glad.
Stop knocking the sentry-box about, or the sentry will report you to the commanding officer.

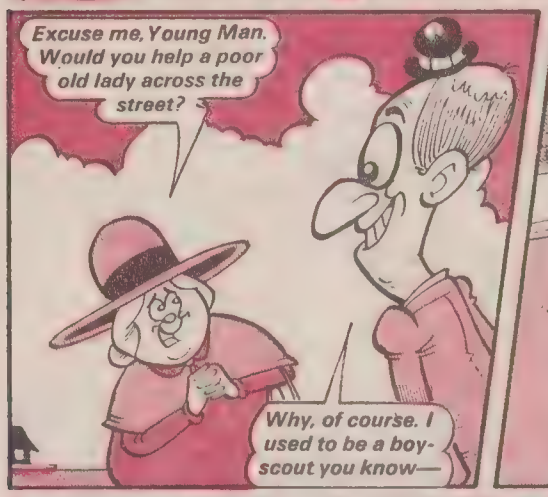
NTY. 14.7.84

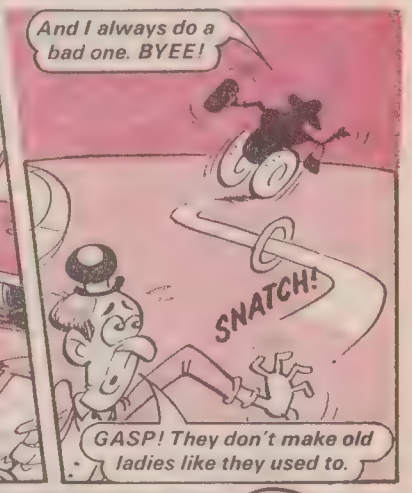
THIS WEEK

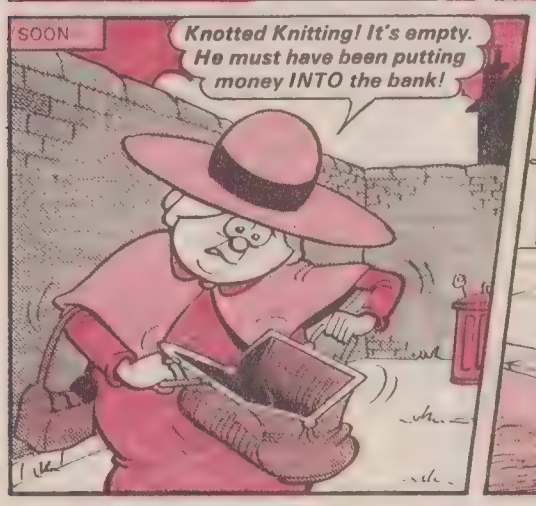
AUNTIE

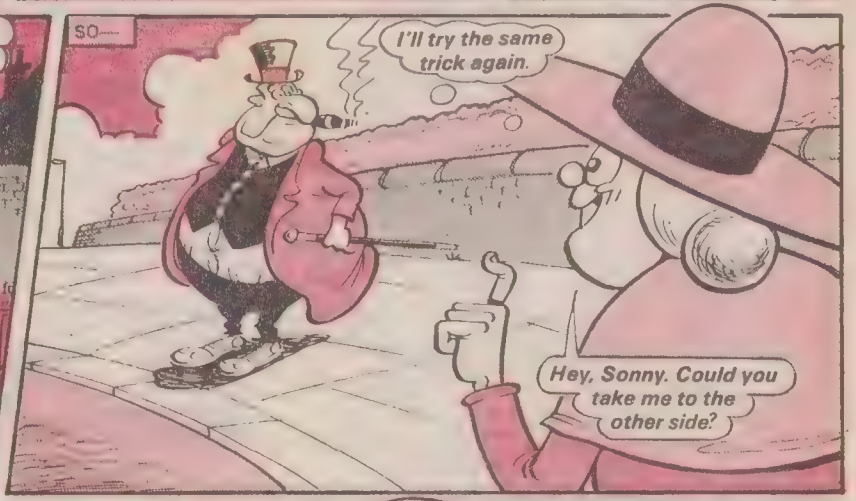


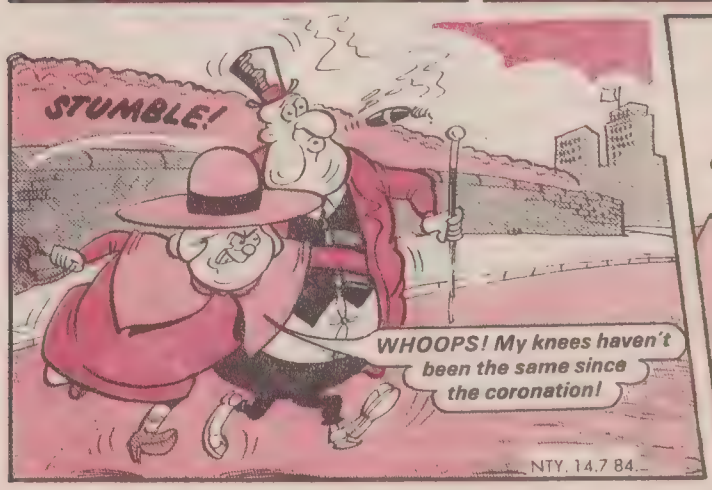


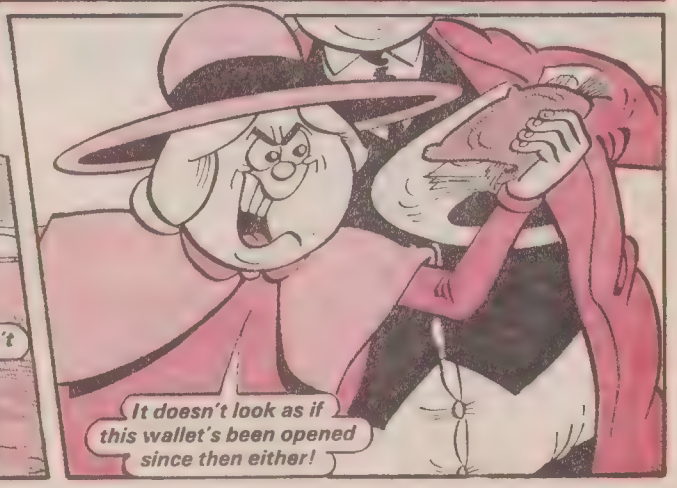




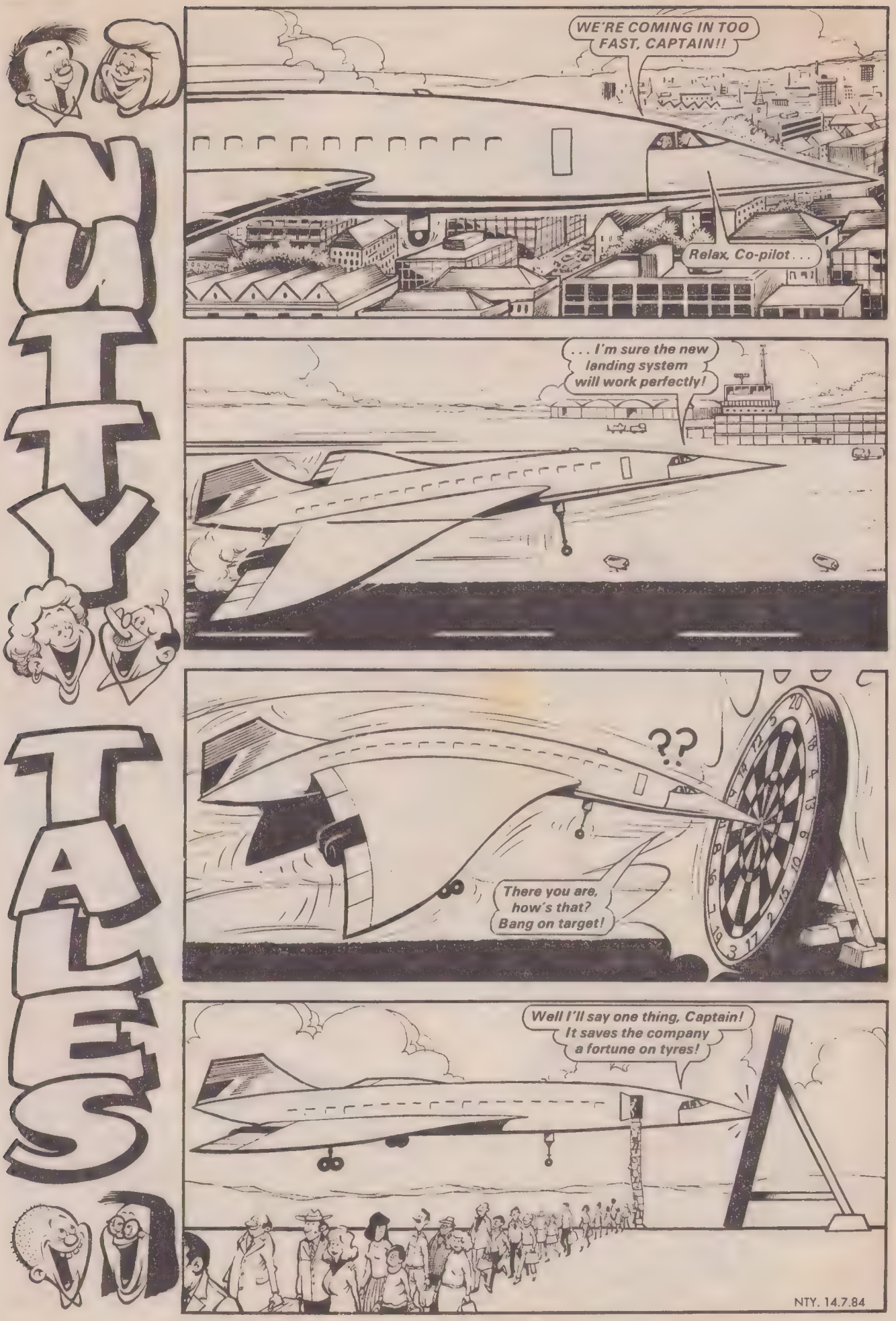




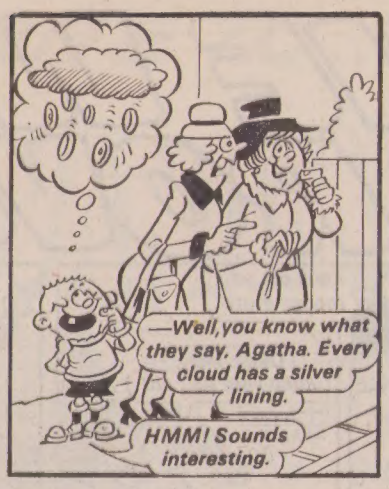


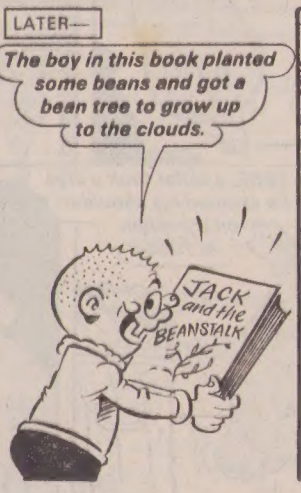


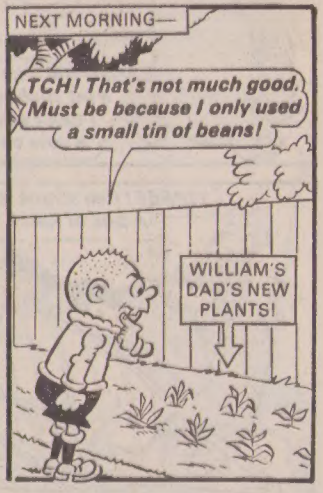
Toodle-pip! WHA—?
My wallet and I are never parted. I chained myself to it ten years ago and swallowed the key.
TCH! Some people just don't trust anybody!
SMACK!
SHORTLY—
Would you help an old lady across the road? How kind!
Well— Er!
YANK!
He looks like an easy touch!
GOT IT.
EEK! I think I've been robbed by a terribly nice old lady!
As easy as two plain, two purled!
COO! A fellow felonist has fainted! That's not easy to say when you're breaking in a pair of false teeth!
What's up, Fingers? In distress?
Yeah, I've just had my electric bill delivered!
Poor boy. Let me help you!
No thanks, I'll help myself. This should cover it nicely!
HO! HO! She fell for it. I shall be General Blight's blue-eyed boy.
TCH! Now the Heavy Mob will get the credit. After all my hard work.
NTY 14.7.84.

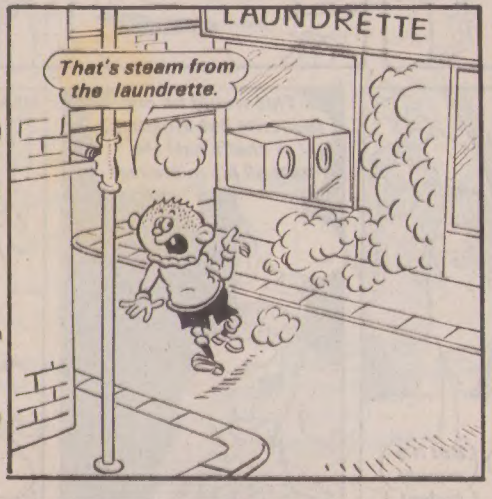

NUTTY TALES
WE'RE COMING IN TOO FAST, CAPTAIN!!
Relax, Co-pilot . . .
. . . I'm sure the new landing system will work perfectly!
??
There you are, how's that? Bang on target!
Well I'll say one thing, Captain! It saves the company a fortune on tyres!
NTY. 14.7.84

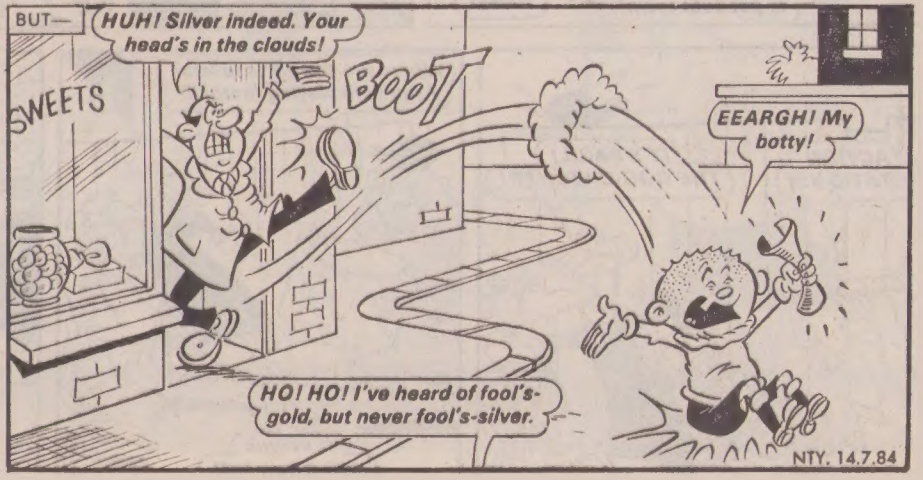
TWEET WILLIAM





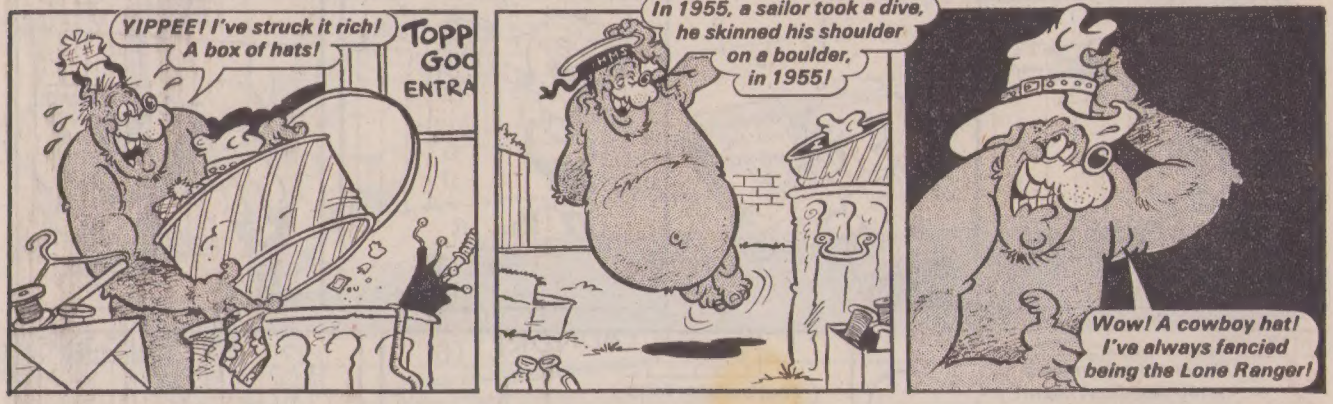






THE WILD ROVERS

TOPPERS
My hat's getting a bit shabby but I can't afford a new one!
TOPPERS
Clear off, you mangy mutt!
Okay, okay, keep your hair on!
TOPPER GOODS ENTRANC
Might as well have a ferret around here and see if there's anything worth having!


YIPPEE! I've struck it rich! A box of hats!
In 1955, a sailor took a dive, he skinned his shoulder on a boulder, in 1955!
Wow! A cowboy hat! I've always fancied being the Lone Ranger!

I'm the Hunky Kid and I'm giving you till sunset to get outa town!
But it's cloudy today!
This would be my favourite hat, Readers! A chef's hat! He eats all his mistakes!
MEANWHILE—
Where's Hunk? It's not like him to miss a game of football!
Knowing him! He'll be feeding his face!

ACTION STATIONS!
IT'S BASIL! THE DOG-CATCHER!
Where are you off to fellers? Aren't we playing football?
It's Hunk with a new hat!
You're not getting a game, Hunk! You've scored enough HAT-TRICKS today!
Rotters!
NTY. 14.7.84

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN

SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

CALCULATED GUESS!

"Doctor! Doctor! I keep hearing numbers instead of words!"

"It must've been something you EIGHT!"

PAUL STEVENS, LIVERPOOL.

JUNGLE JOKE!

What is black and swings through the trees?

Tarzan's coalman!

SARA GOOD, BELFAST.

DIFFERENT LINES!

What's the difference between a school teacher and a freight train?

The teacher tells you to take the gum out of your mouth while the train says, "CHOO! CHOO!"

GARY MITCHELL, GLASGOW.

CRY BABY!

MOTHER:- Come on, Son. It's time for school.

SON:- *Why should I go there? The teachers hate me and the children despise me!*

MOTHER:- I'll give you two good reasons. Firstly, you're forty-three and secondly, you're the headmaster.

LISA SMITH, WALTHAM-CROSS.

FLYING HIGH!

POLICEMAN:- What are you doing?

TWEET WILLIAM:- *I'm building a rocket to go to the sun in.*

POLICEMAN:- Won't it be too hot?

TWEET WILLIAM:- *Don't be silly, I'm going at night!*

ANTHONY JOHNSON, GLOSSOP.

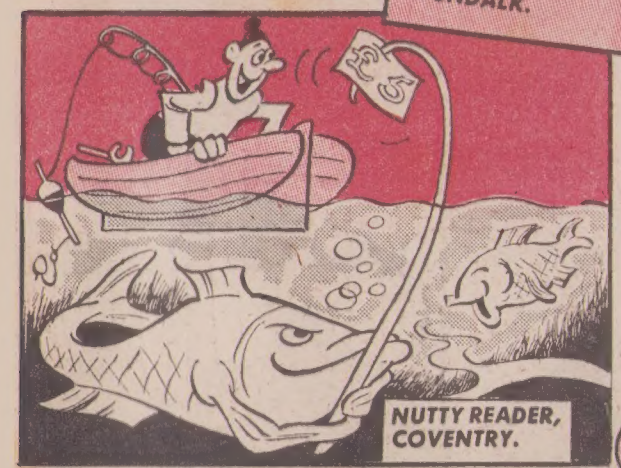
CRAIG GENERY, WILTSHIRE.

HOT GRUB!

What is a thief's favourite food?

A HAMBURGLAR!

AIDAN GRIER, DUNDALK.



NUTTY READER, COVENTRY.

TOAD-ADENDRUMS?

What is a frog's favourite flower?

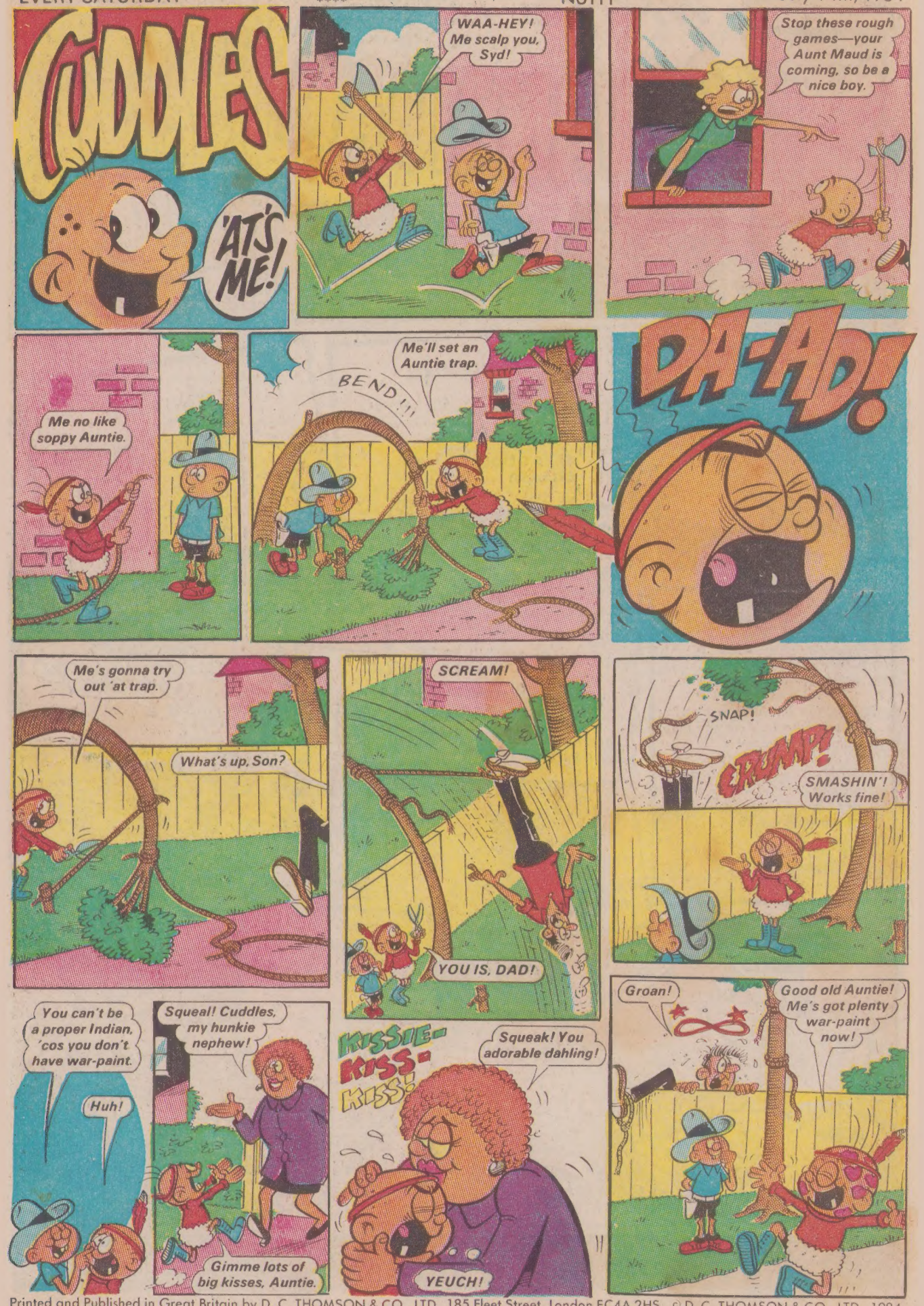
A CROAKUS!

DAVID PEAT, GLASGOW.

IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 14.7.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—



Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1984.